

Pre-service Song

Lord From Sorrows Deep I Call

Lord, from sorrows deep I call
when my hope is shaken;
torn and ruined from the fall,
hear my desperation.
For so long I've pled and prayed,
"God, come to my rescue!"
Even so, the thorn remains;
still my heart will praise You.

Storms within my troubled soul,
questions without answers;
on my faith these billows roll—
God be now my shelter.
Why are you cast down my soul?
Hope in Him who saves you.
When the fires have all grown cold,
cause this heart to praise You.

Oh my soul, put your hope in God,
my help, my rock, I will praise Him.
Sing, oh sing, through the raging storm;
You're still my God, my salvation.

Should my life be torn from me,
every worldly pleasure;
when all I possess is grief,
God be then my treasure.
Be my vision in the night;
be my hope and refuge.
'Til my faith is turned to sight,
Lord my heart will praise You.

Oh my soul, put your hope in God,
my help, my rock, I will praise Him.
Sing, oh sing, through the raging storm;
You're still my God, my salvation. (Repeat)

By Matt Papa and Matt Boswell

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Messenger Hymns

Call To Worship

We confess the supremacy of God in Christ through both responsive reading and song.

Our Spoken Call to Worship

Isaiah 55:1-3, 6-7 (ESV)

Come, everyone who thirsts, come to the waters;
and he who has no money, come, buy and eat!
Come, buy wine and milk
without money and without price.

**Why do you spend your money
for that which is not bread,
and your labor for that which does not satisfy?**

**Listen diligently to me, and eat what is good,
and delight yourselves in rich food.**

Incline your ear, and come to me;
hear, that your soul may live;
and I will make with you an everlasting covenant,
my steadfast, sure love for David.

**Seek the LORD while he may be found;
call upon him while he is near;
let the wicked forsake his way,
and the unrighteous man his thoughts;
let him return to the LORD,
that he may have compassion on him,
and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.**

Our Sung Call to Worship

Jesus What A Friend for Sinners

Jesus! What a Friend for sinners!
Jesus! Lover of my soul;
Friends may fail me, foes assail me,
He, my Savior, makes me whole.

Chorus

**Hallelujah! What a Savior!
Hallelujah! What a Friend!
Saving, helping, keeping, loving,
He is with me to the end.**

Jesus! What a strength in weakness!
Let me hide myself in Him.
Tempted, tried, and sometimes failing,
He, my strength, my vict'ry wins. (Chorus)

Jesus! What a help in sorrow!
While the billows o'er me roll.
Even when my heart is breaking,
He, my comfort, helps my soul. (Chorus)

Jesus! I do now receive Him,
More than all in Him I find.
He has granted me forgiveness
I am His, and He is mine. (Chorus)

Words by John Wilbur Chapman, Music by Rowland Hugh Pritchard
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Confession

We confess our need for mercy through both responsive reading and song.

Our Spoken Confession

Psalm 32:3-6; Proverbs 28:13 (ESV)

For when I kept silent, my bones wasted away
through my groaning all day long.
For day and night your hand was heavy upon me;
my strength was dried up as by the heat of summer.

**I acknowledged my sin to you,
and I did not cover my iniquity;
I said, "I will confess my transgressions to the LORD,"
and you forgave the iniquity of my sin.**

Therefore let everyone who is godly
offer prayer to you at a time when you may be found;

**Whoever conceals his transgressions will not prosper,
but he who confesses and forsakes them will obtain mercy.**

Time of silent confession.

Our Sung Confession

How Deep the Father's Love for Us

How deep the Father's love for us,
How vast beyond all measure
That He should give His only Son
To make a wretch His treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss.
The Father turns His face away
As wounds which mar the Chosen One
Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the Man upon a cross,
My sin upon His shoulders.
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
Call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there
Until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me life.
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything:
No gifts, no power, no wisdom.
But I will boast in Jesus Christ:
His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His reward?
I cannot give an answer.
But this I know with all my heart:
His wounds have paid my ransom.

By Stuart Townend
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Assurance and Peace

We profess our assurance of salvation and peace in Christ through both responsive reading and song.

Remember the Gospel

Romans 3:23-24; Psalm 18:2, 46 (ESV)

For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God,
and are justified by his grace as a gift,
through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.

**The Lord is my rock and my fortress and my deliverer,
my God, my rock, in whom I take refuge,
my shield, and the horn of my salvation, my stronghold.**

The Lord lives, and blessed be my rock,
and exalted be the God of my salvation.

Our Sung Profession of Assurance

Not What My Hands Have Done

Not what my hands have done can save my guilty soul;
Not what my toiling flesh has borne can make my spirit whole.
Not what I feel or do can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears can bear my awful load.

Thy work alone, O Christ, can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God, can give me peace within.
Thy love to me, O God, not mine, O Lord, to thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest, and set my spirit free.

Thy grace alone, O God, to me can pardon speak;
Thy pow'r alone, O Son of God, can this sore bondage break.
No other work, save thine, no other blood will do;
No strength, save that which is divine, can bear me safely through.

I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love divine;
And with unfalt'ring lip and heart, I call this Savior mine.
His cross dispels each doubt; I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear, each ling'ring shade of gloom.

I praise the God of grace; I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine, my God, my joy, my light.
'Tis he who saveth me, and freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me, I live because he lives.

Words by Horatius Bonar, Music by George Walter Martin
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Thanksgiving and Petition

We Give Thanks in Prayer and Offer Petitions to God

We express our gratitude to God our Father for Christ's work on the cross for us and bring our requests before him. In bringing our requests, we confess that we believe God truly is a good father, who cares about our needs and gives us what he knows is best.

We Give Thanks by Giving

*We give financial offerings to support the work of the church because of our gratitude to God. By giving we confess we are trusting in God's provision for us as well.
You may give electronically at gabcames.org/giving/ or place your offering in the boxes at the back of the sanctuary or send a check in the mail.*

Scripture Reading

Psalms 42 & 43 (ESV)

Psalms 42 & 43

To the choirmaster. A Maskil of the Sons of Korah.

¹As a deer pants for flowing streams,
so pants my soul for you, O God.

²My soul thirsts for God,
for the living God.

When shall I come and appear before God?

³My tears have been my food
day and night,

while they say to me all the day long,

"Where is your God?"

⁴ These things I remember,

as I pour out my soul:

how I would go with the throng

and lead them in procession to the house of God

with glad shouts and songs of praise,

a multitude keeping festival.

⁵ Why are you cast down, O my soul,

and why are you in turmoil within me?

Hope in God; for I shall again praise him,

my salvation ⁶ and my God.

My soul is cast down within me;

therefore I remember you

from the land of Jordan and of Hermon,

from Mount Mizar.

⁷ Deep calls to deep

at the roar of your waterfalls;

all your breakers and your waves

have gone over me.

⁸ By day the Lord commands his steadfast love,

and at night his song is with me,

a prayer to the God of my life.

⁹ I say to God, my rock:

"Why have you forgotten me?

Why do I go mourning

because of the oppression of the enemy?"

¹⁰ As with a deadly wound in my bones,

my adversaries taunt me,

while they say to me all the day long,

"Where is your God?"

¹¹ Why are you cast down, O my soul,

and why are you in turmoil within me?

Hope in God; for I shall again praise him,

my salvation and my God.

Psalms 43-48

¹ Vindicate me, O God, and defend my cause

against an ungodly people,

from the deceitful and unjust man

deliver me!

² For you are the God in whom I take refuge;

why have you rejected me?

Why do I go about mourning

because of the oppression of the enemy?

³ Send out your light and your truth;

let them lead me;

let them bring me to your holy hill

and to your dwelling!

⁴ Then I will go to the altar of God,

to God my exceeding joy,

and I will praise you with the lyre,

O God, my God.

⁵ Why are you cast down, O my soul,

and why are you in turmoil within me?

Hope in God; for I shall again praise him,

my salvation and my God.

This is the word of the Lord.

**The grass withers and the flower falls
but the word of the Lord endures forever.**

Sermon

Psalm 42 & 43 - Hope for the Downcast Heart - Pastor Michael Felkins

Sermon Discipleship Questions

1. What encouraged you?
2. What convicted you?
3. Is there anything in your life that needs to change?

Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul (Distribution Song)

Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone can heal.
Thy Word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

But oh! When gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
Yet gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face,
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace,
Be deaf when I complain?
No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer.
Oh may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there.

Thy mercy seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet,
Thy mercy seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

Words by Anne Steele, Music by Matt Merker

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Celebration of the Lord's Supper

Sending

Having heard and confessed the Gospel, we are sent into the world on mission in Christ, which we express in both song and spoken word.

Sending Song

Lord From Sorrows Deep I Call

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Blessing

Ephesians 3:20-21 (ESV)

Now to him who is able to do far more
abundantly than all that we ask or think,
according to the power at work within us,
**to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus
throughout all generations, forever and ever.**

Amen.

Scripture text for next Sunday: Psalm 44